

MAYBRICK MYSTERY.

scores of the best farmers were
dire misfortune.

THE SESSION.

Big-gap Ministers and the Great Private Member.

It is a singularly changed Parliament that meets to-day. The circumstances are, indeed, almost unprecedented. The prorogation took place last August the 11th, in the shape of the fiscal problem, but not dramatically. Mr. Chamberlain, though deeply divided in his mind, still presented a seemingly solid front to the House. It is to a large extent a new Cabinet that meets to-day. The new Ministers are for the most part untried men. Some hon. members have been asked to "Widen," and other useful words of reference to ascertain the records of some of the new team.

Will he Sit?

Mr. Chamberlain will hardly realise that they are at the moment, and will have to pinch themselves to be present. Mr. Chamberlain, for example, will no longer sit on the Treasury bench. Where will he sit?



The Duchess of Albany is a patron of the brilliant ball to be held this evening at the Royal Opera House. She is in aid of the Royal Waterloo Hospital. (Chancellor, Dublin.)

There will be an awesome kind of curiosity especially if he goes near the seat now being held by his successor in office—Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. It is sufficiently strong to lead Mr. Lyttelton to that seat? If so, it is comforting to know that Mr. Lyttelton can keep his seat, his back no longer represents Pall Mall, but the millions of India; Mr. Ritchie is now number, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain already mediating his maiden Budget for the minor changes they are simply

gone. The personnel of the House itself, apart from the changes, is considerably changed. Sir John Lubbock, who has joined the majority, and who made him a noble golf-links and a familiar as "Big Ben," and West-land have been fifteen by-elections, and the Liberals have gained three of the by-elections were all successful in obtaining their

contested elections since the recon-stitution of the Cabinet have resulted as follows:—

- LIBERALS.**
- Argyllshire
 - St. Andrews
 - Burghs
 - Mid-Devon
 - Gateshead
 - Ilchester
 - Norwich
 - Ayr Burghs

- PROTECTIONISTS.**
- Rochester
 - Dulwich
 - Lewisham
 - Ludlow

- IRISH NATIONALISTS.**
- South Meath
 - North Leitrim

still one vacancy to be filled—that at Mr. William O'Brien has resigned, and Mr. Chamberlain meets three further seats to be filled by Mr. Alban Gibbs, Mr. Vicary

of the Session.

On the day of the Session, the Unionists do not intend to contest with the Whips may have a good chance of being forward in the Ministerial, and the file of the Unionist party, the position received by the Whips, is committed to the programme of the League to withhold support from

Traders, who are dining together in a room at the residence of Lord Wimborne, and Mr. Chamberlain's policy, and an order by the Speaker.

Mr. Chamberlain intends to raise the Home Rule

THE NEXT "GENERAL."

Liberals Think It will be Soon, and Talk of the "Flowing Tide."

The rapprochement between the Duke of Devonshire and the Liberals, the opposite victories in the recent by-elections, and other signs, lead to the conviction that the vote of the country must soon be taken upon the fiscal policy.

A *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative yesterday learned on good authority that the Liberal



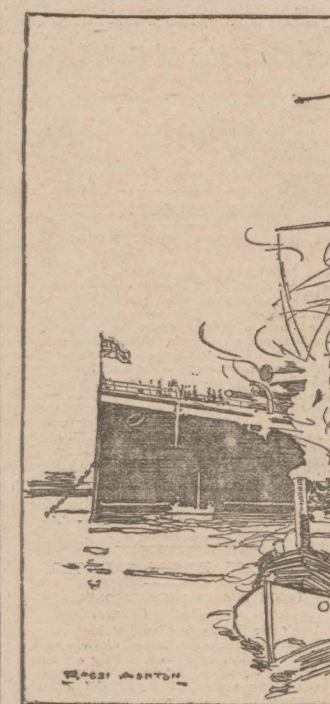
THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY. Who shares with the Prince and Princess of Wales the patronage of the grand Covent Garden Ball.

leaders regard Mr. Chamberlain's energetic operations with absolute equanimity.

"We are quite confident," said a prominent Liberal M.P., "that Mr. Chamberlain will not capture the country at the next 'general'—which may take place within a few weeks or may be postponed for as many months. It makes little difference to Liberals in any case. Until after the debate upon the King's Speech there is little to be said. But we are absolutely confident that the days of a protectionist policy have not yet arrived. In five years' time it may be a different matter; but to-day No."

STEP-MOTHER'S CRUELTY.

The Bromley (Kent) magistrates yesterday fined Mrs. Jennings 20s. and 12s. 6d. costs, with the alternative of fourteen days' hard labour,



His Majesty's ships "Majestic" and "Magnificent" have just been paid off. Here they are with pennants flying in celebration of going out of commission.

for cruelty to her step-daughter, Beatrice Jennings. The prosecution was undertaken by the N.S.P.C.C., and it was stated that since the death of the girl's father in October last defendant had systematically ill-treated the child.

She was subjected to constant beatings. Just before Christmas, it was stated, defendant hit the girl on the head with a tin of condensed milk, and on another occasion deliberately scratched the child's face from eye to chin, afterwards telling the girl to say she did it owing to something sharp having got in the flannel with which she was washing.

On another occasion, because the girl broke a glass, she took hold of her head and banged it against the mantelpiece. She ultimately turned the girl out of the house and refused to have anything to do with her.

Mrs. Jennings admitted striking the girl on several occasions, but said the child aggravated her so.

DUKE AS WELL AS EVER.

The Duke of Cambridge, despite reports to the contrary, which yesterday brought many callers to Gloucester House, Park-lane, is as well as can be expected at his advanced age.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY.

The Tower Officials will Not be Hurried.

In this age of "hustle" and kindred disorders it is singularly refreshing to come across such thoughtful and leisurely examples of humanity as those who rule at the Tower of London.

Ever since the death of the late Queen Victoria the gun-carriage that bore her Majesty's mortal remains through London has reposed at the Tower on a piece of raised ground just by the entry to the Royal Armouries. It is surrounded by railings and a strip of turf, the ornamentation of which has at last occurred to the authorities. Yesterday painters were at work, and there is some talk of beginning gardening arrangements on the square of turf itself.

The Coronation robes of their present Majesties will, by royal desire, also repose in the Tower; but, as the order for their removal was only given in October last, there has naturally been no time to carry King Edward's wishes into effect.

The officials, rightly enough, will not be hurried. With their eyes resolutely fixed on "the spacious days of great Elizabeth," to say nothing of the even more spacious days of Julius Caesar, they reflect that to them a century is as naught, and though the heavy world without may buzz with the crude and ill-digested efforts of a perspiring generation, to them it is given to uphold a tradition more generous and more composed.

Their Majesties' Coronation robes have been a thousand odd years in coming. What are four months, and even four centuries, before such spaces of time as those familiar to the officials of "Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame?"

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

The Colonial Office issued, yesterday evening, further correspondence between Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, and Sir W. F. Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Natal, on the subject of the importation of Asiatic labour. On January 29 the Government stated their policy was to treat the Transvaal, as though it was a self-governing colony, unless Imperial interests were concerned, and to interfere as little as possible with local opinion and local wishes. The liberty allowed to Cape Colony and Natal would not be denied to the Transvaal.

The Government are of opinion that while it is of great moment that the policy adopted by the South African Colonies in all matters of import-

THE KING'S MILK STALL.

Which His Majesty Patronised when a Boy.

When the King drives in state down the new processional avenue in St. James's Park to-day he will pass by two of the oldest-established "shops" in London—the wooden dairy stalls at the end of the Mall, opposite Spring-gardens.

Will he remember that when he was a little boy of seven or eight he used to catter down on his pony from Buckingham Palace with "John" the groom to call in childish treble for "a mug of milk, and am I in time to see the cow milked?"

Perhaps his Majesty would hardly recognise in the two ancient dames who keep the stalls "John's" buxom sisters, who then, as now, loved milk and mugs.

"We've had the right to be here ever since James I. granted us the land, and for all that anyone can say here we stay," said Mrs. Kitchens, one of the sisters, yesterday.

"I was afraid they were going to move us off the new road; at least, I was afraid they'd try to, just to give me more letters to write, I suppose. The bother I've had since mother died you'd never think."

Then the old lady told of her achievements as the family lawyer.

The Lady Lawyer.

"There were eight grants to royal servants in the time of James," she said, and the bit of hand we keep in the family through the direct descent for ever and ever. Well, about eighteen years ago the Duke of Cambridge and the Deputy Ranger came round to turn us all off—said we'd no real right. Well, you could understand that the other six stallholders had no right, 'cause they'd let and sold their ground. But I had papers to prove our right. Lawyer, bless you, I'm me own lawyer. I had several interviews with the Deputy Ranger, and an audience with the Ranger himself. I said we wasn't going to move. The deputy he said, 'Mrs. Kitchens, I'm sorry for you and Mrs. Burry, but if you haven't gone to-morrow, I must have the stalls pulled down.' The letter I wrote him when I got home!"

Next morning I brought the cows down as usual and opened the stalls. The Ranger he sent down men, who pulled down the six stalls, but left us for a few more days. So I knew I was right.

Then the Queen, she drove past one afternoon, and the next day the Deputy Ranger came down all smiles and said, 'Her Majesty the Queen says you must let the two old women stop; don't worry

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ance should be harmonious, it would not be possible to refuse the wishes of the Transvaal on a matter of paramount importance to its well-being and industrial development.

The Governor of Natal, in reply, stated that the Ministers of that Colony expressed their opposition to the importation of Asiatic labour into South Africa, as it would discourage white immigration and check civilisation of natives, besides making a discordant element between the European communities.

The Ministers are convinced that, by the exercise of patience, sufficient labour will be found south of the equator if a fair wage is offered and considerate treatment assured.

NO HOPE FOR CURIO-HUNTERS.

The old royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which is about to be broken up, was placed under the shears in Portsmouth Dockyard yesterday to have her machinery, masts, and rigging removed. As soon as this is completed she will be placed in dock and handed over to the ship-breakers.

Some ornamental portions of the vessel will be preserved, but the greater part of her timbers will be destroyed in the dockyard and will not pass into the hands of the general public.

them! And he had a drink of milk and went away. Quite nice he was.

"Queen Victoria recognised that we were connected with royalty. She buried my brother, John Frederick Jones, at Whippingham. His father was stud groom to William, and his father coachman to George III., and so back, you see."

"My nephew was to have gone into the Prince of Wales's service, but it was a great pity, someone took a fancy to him, and put him in the Navy, and he grew to a Lieutenant, married above him, and lives in Australia."

"When I die, my girl will have my stall, and my sister's girl hers, but we won't move for no one. James I. put us here, and Victoria let us stop."

BETTER THAN EDEN.

The County of Anglesey enjoys a remarkable immunity from crime, light and serious. Last month Mr. Justice Phillimore was presented with a pair of white gloves at the Winter Assizes, and yesterday for the third consecutive month the magistrates for the first petty sessional division, one of the most important in the county, were at their monthly sessions confronted with a blank calendar.

Messrs. Elder Dempster and Co., many of whose steamers run to South-West Africa, have cabled to the German Emperor placing vessels at the disposal of the German Government in view of the present serious trouble arising of the revolt of the Hereros. —Reuter.

PARLIAMENT OPENS WITH ARMY REFORM.

NEW SIAMESE MINISTER.

The new Envoy Extraordinary Minister Plenipotentiary of Siam, Phya Raja Nugrabandhu, arrived in London to take up his duties at the Legation.

There was no beating of tom-toms or any performance of Siamese ceremonies to alarm South

of meat from across the ocean were permitted. Since Vienna butchers are opposed to the sale of foreign meat, the Pork Butchers' Association has taken up the project, and now announces that the first shipment of Argentine beef to Vienna will arrive on Tuesday. It appears very doubtful, however, whether the Government will permit the shipment to be sold.

DESTRUCTION OF "SIDDONS HOUSE."

Yesterday housebreakers began the demolition of the house in Upper Baker-street in which Sarah Siddons, the great actress, lived from the year 1817 until her death in 1831. When Mrs. Siddons retired from the stage the Prince Regent was play-

LORD ROBERTS.



He now holds the office of Commander-in-Chief, which will be changed hereafter to that of "Inspector-General."

(Bowden Bros.)



LORD ESHER.

He was the original suggestion which brought about the Army Reform Commission, and he was the chief member of the Commission.

(Photo by Lafayette.)

ing the architect, and it was intended to continue Cornwall-terrace right up to Clarence-gate. Mrs. Siddons petitioned the Prince to "spare her country view," and the "First Gentleman in Europe" granted her request, with the result

that the terrace was cut short, and the bow window of "Siddons House" has commanded a view of Regent's Park as long as it has stood. The house also contains a side window of painted glass, designed and put up by the great tragedienne, which

includes medallions of Shakespeare, Milton, Spencer, Dryden, and Cowley, and which will doubtless be carefully preserved. Mrs. Siddons retired from the stage in 1812, having started on her dramatic career as a child.

PALACES-PALATIAL AND OTHERWISE.



The King of Korea lives in this strange hut-like zibode.

(Stereo copyright by)



The Tsar of All the Russias lives in this veritable palace.

(Underwood & Underwood.)

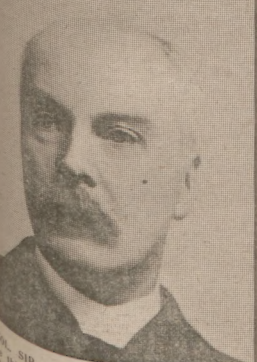
DEAR MEAT IN VIENNA.

The efforts of the Vienna City Council (says our correspondent) to bring down the price of meat in Vienna by securing the importation of Transatlantic produce are meeting with the

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SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE.

He was a member of the Army Commission, and is the author of many books on military subjects.

Opposition on the part of agrarian interest associations of farmers, and cattlemen's unions in all parts of Austria have telegrams of protest to the Ministry of Agriculture and to the City Council urging that no damage would be done to the agricultural interests of the country if the importation



The King opens Parliament in state, and drives up in the royal carriage drawn by the world-famous team of eight cream-coloured horses.

(Bowden Bros.)

SEEN BY THE EYES OF THE LAW.

THE WRIGHT CASE.

The Prosecution Committee Appeals for the Cost of the Trial to be Refunded.

The London and Globe Prosecution Fund Committee met yesterday afternoon at the Wool Exchange, and decided to request the Public Prosecutor to refund the money expended by the committee in the recent prosecution of Whitaker Wright.

Mr. John Flower, who presided, said the total amount subscribed was £2,213 11s. 2d., of which £1,875 17s. had been disbursed, leaving a balance in hand of £337 14s. 2d., subject to further liability for legal and other expenses.

Mr. Flower expressed regret for the tragic sequel of the trial, for which, however, the committee were in no way responsible. Nevertheless, he said, it must be a satisfaction to all concerned to know that the case was conducted with perfect fairness on the part of the prosecution, entirely free from any spirit of vindictiveness, and with no other object than to establish a principle of public justice for the welfare of the community at large.

Two petitions are being signed in the Stock Exchange favouring the reinstatement of Mr. Flower, who was the moving spirit in the Globe Finance prosecutions, in his membership. Both are, of course, addressed to the committee. One is being signed by Mr. Flower's creditors, the other by the general membership of the "House."

Mr. Flower has written denying that he took the action he did because he speculated as a shareholder and lost his money. His own personal interest was a small broker's fees.

"I considered it to be my duty," adds Mr. Flower, "to society as well as to my some time brother members of the Stock Exchange to use my best efforts to protect innocent creditors of limited companies from giving credit on the faith of fraudulent balance-sheets."

SHARING AN EXTRA BOTTLE.

A young man named Owen Lloyd, nineteen years of age, who is a lieutenant in the Yeomanry, was charged in company with his seventeen-year-old brother, at Greenwich Police Court yesterday with being drunk and disorderly in Wemyss-road, Blackheath on Saturday night.

It was stated that their mother allows the two brothers a bottle of stout between them every night.

Mr. Sampson, who appeared on their behalf, said that on Saturday they got a bottle of port wine, and it did not agree with them. They had been in custody since that night.

The magistrate fined them five shillings each.

POLICE AND THEIR STOP-WATCHES.

Since the evidence of an expert in the recent motor-car procession on at Kingston, when it was emphatically declared that the stop-watches used by the police for the purpose of timing motor-cars on Surrey roads were absolutely useless for such a purpose, lengthy reports on the subject have been submitted to the Chief Constable of the Surrey Constabulary and to the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

It is expected this will lead to the issue of a better class of watch to the police.

A MOTHER'S CRIME.

Before Mr. Justice Grantham, at the Devon Assizes yesterday, Ellen Townsend, thirty-four, of Plymouth, was indicted for the murder of her thirteen-months-old son on December 22.

When the crime was committed the woman seemed dazed. She sent her other children out of the house, and was found kneeling in the bath, with her clothes on, and the child dead in her lap. The medical evidence pointed to insanity.

The judge ordered the prisoner to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure, and spoke sympathetically to her.

EXPENSIVE HOUSEBOAT.

V. G. Smith, Esq., is a member of the Stock Exchange and the tenant of a houseboat at Laleham, which he omitted to register after August 27 last.

He was using the vessel as late as September 1, and had taken not the slightest notice of letters addressed to him by the Thames Conservancy drawing his attention to the lapse of his registration. For thus ignoring a public and highly respectable body he was yesterday fined £2 2s., ordered to pay a registration fee of £8 18s., and costs.

THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE.

A young man named Matthews, summoned at Lambeth Police Court yesterday for the maintenance of his wife, was ordered to pay £1 a week towards her support.

Defendant: I don't know where it is to come from. The Magistrate: You see, I am so accustomed to people who come into the witness-box and say they are worth nothing, have no money, and don't know where it is coming from, but wip look fresh and well-to-do.

AN A.R.A. LOSES HIS COAT.

At Marylebone Police Court yesterday David James Whyman, a coachman, was remanded charged with the theft of two overcoats, one the property of Mr. Henry Pegrum, A.R.A., at present staying at Marlborough-hill, St. John's Wood.

Prisoner, arrested on suspicion, was identified as a man who had called at the house, but he denied all knowledge of the affair.

PAYING FOR FOOLISHNESS.

A labourer, charged at Marylebone with drunkenness, was said to have put his arm round a lady's waist.

Mr. Plowden: Did the lady object? Constable: Yes, sir. She was going to strike him with her umbrella.

Mr. Plowden (to defendant): You must leave waists alone. Pay 10s.

RANCHER ENRICHED.

Rides to the Divorce Court with a Fair Equestrienne Who Gave Him Polish.

"When poverty enters the door love flies out of the window," says the old proverb.

"When £8,000 a year comes into the exchequer true love does the very same thing," said Mr. Bargarve Deane in effect before the President of the Divorce Court yesterday.

It was a pathetic story that Mr. Bargarve Deane had to tell when he had pointed the moral—a story of seven years of humble happiness blighted by one year of "£8,000 a year."

Like many young men of good family, but very moderate means, Mr. Arthur Nathaniel Garland went ranching in the New World. He had a ranch near the romantically-titled Rio Nigra d' Asturias in remote Uruguay. Unlike the majority of ranchers, moreover, he had a charming wife, "rough it" with him. He married his wife, Lilian, in Uruguay in 1894.

"Nothing could have been better than the married life of these people," said Mr. Bargarve Deane, in describing the bliss that reigned at the ranch.

For seven years this bliss continued. Mr. Garland looked after his cattle, and Mrs. Garland looked after the hacienda. After the day's work in the cool of the equatorial evenings they sat together, and were as happy as happy could be.

All this happiness the sudden acquisition of £8,000 a year completely blighted.

Mr. Garland had taken a trip to Europe. He had been very ill, and his wife had been his devoted nurse during his journey in search of English medical advice. It was when he was getting better that the blow fell. One day he heard that he had inherited £8,000 a year, a town house in Queen's Gate, and a country house at Mannin-tree, in Essex.

The circumstances under which true love flew out of the window were remarkable and distressing. Mr. Garland, being a rancher, was naturally a lover of horses. Consequently, when he saw in his

morning newspaper that a lady horse-dealer had a good horse to sell, he was interested. He saw the horse, and bought it, for money was no object. He also found out that the fair horse-dealer was also a riding mistress.

Mr. Garland was, of course, a past master in the art of riding bucking bronchos, but he considered that he lacked one thing to make him a perfect horseman. He wanted the polish of deportment that distinguishes the folk who ride in Rotterdam Row. This polish he engaged the fair riding mistress to teach him.

Riding lessons led to the purchase of more horses, and one thing leading to another, Mr. Garland accompanied the fair riding-mistress horse-dealer during tête-à-tête drives.

This intimacy came to the knowledge of Mrs. Garland, for Mr. Garland introduced his equestrienne friend to Queen's Gate. That was why, when she was taken by her husband to the Essex seat, she suspected an equestrienne explanation of her husband's absences from Saturday to Monday.

She taxed her husband with infidelity, and he did not deny it.

Mrs. Garland at first sought a decree for restitution of conjugal rights—her husband had, in the meantime, deserted her—but as she refused to obey this decree she asked for a divorce.

Dressed in a tight-fitting tailor-made costume that itself was suggestive of the Row she told the story of her early happiness and subsequent desertion with great self-possession.

Then a waiter from the Metropole at Beahill-on-Sea told of another Mrs. Garland. And this very same waiter, when employed afterwards at a Kensington hotel, remembered Mr. Garland and this other Mrs. Garland in connection with a flat at Knightsbridge and a cream-coloured horse.

The President altered the decree for restitution of conjugal rights into one of divorce.

KIERNICKE MYSTERY UNSOLVED.

Police, Medical Men, and a Jury Fail to Unravel It.

The coroner's inquest has failed to clear up the mystery concerning the death of a woman named Dora Kiernicke, whose body was found in a room occupied by her at 115, Whitfield-street, Tottenham Court-road, as far back as December. The jury's open verdict is perhaps all that can be expected under the circumstances, and the police will no doubt continue their inquiries.

At the opening of the enquiry evidence was given by Professor Pepper and Dr. Lloyd, the police divisional surgeon, that death resulted from a wound in the throat which had not severed the main arteries, and which they were inclined to think was self-inflicted. It might, however, have been caused by someone else. The room in which the deceased woman was found was locked, and no weapon likely to have caused the wound had been discovered.

Amedee Emil Pervoeur, landlord of the house in which the deceased was found, was questioned by the coroner as to the whereabouts of the key of the deceased's room. Witness said it was the custom of Kiernicke to place the key in the hall-stand. On the morning of December 30 he looked for it in the stand, but it was not there.

Professor Pepper, recalled, said it was singular that there should be a whole line of bruises on one side of the deceased's chest and another large bruise on the other side. It would have been very difficult for those bruises to have been caused by a fall.

Other evidence called related to the discovery of a razor and three keys in a street gully within a

few yards from the house where deceased was found, but Dr. Pepper and the police stated that these had nothing to do with the case.

Dr. Stevenson stated he had failed to discover any traces of poison in the organs the police had sent him.

The jury accordingly returned an open verdict.

A FALSE CONFESSION.

John Ross, aged thirty-one, the clerk who made a "confession" of the murder, has now retracted what he said.

When brought before the Marlborough-street Court yesterday, Detective-inspector Kane stated he saw prisoner detained at Commercial-street police station, and an inspector handed a signed statement to him. He told Ross he understood he had given himself up for the murder of Dora Kiernicke, and that the statement was one he had made voluntarily to the police. Ross said: "That is quite right; that is my signature."

Later witness had occasion to speak to Ross, who said: "That story I told you was all rot; it is all nonsense. Now I made it. Now I am sober I will tell you the truth, which can be proved up to the hilt." He then said he was locked up in prison for being drunk and disorderly when the woman died, and he knew nothing more than what he read in the papers. He was sorry to have made such an "ass" of himself. "That was the truth."

The Prisoner: I am very sorry to have placed myself in this position, and to have given all this trouble.

Mr. Denman discharged him from custody.

DANGEROUS OR ECCENTRIC?

Henry Wise, an old gentleman living in Carfield-street, Bethnal Green, was, at Worship-street yesterday, charged with attempting to shoot a boy.

The boy, who was about sixteen years old, said that he and another lad were in Collingwood-street, Bethnal Green, on Saturday evening, when the prisoner crossed the street, looked in their faces, raised a revolver close to the witness's face, and said he would shoot his brains out. After threatening them he walked away muttering.

The prisoner, whose revolver was found to be loaded in four chambers, was remanded, Mr. Cluer remarking that the chief point was whether he was dangerous or an eccentric old gentleman annoyed by boys in the street.

EDALJI'S PROFESSIONAL POSITION.

With the consent of the Incorporated Law Society, the King's Bench Divisional Court, which was engaged yesterday in considering the position of certain solicitors, again adjourned the case of the young Birmingham solicitor, Edalji, who was convicted in connection with Wyatt Earle outrages, the Home Secretary not having yet replied to the memorials, which now include over 10,000 signatures.

A SERIOUS CHARGE DISMISSED.

At the Guildhall Police Court yesterday the summons against Mr. William Douglas Cairney, of 163, Hope-street, Glasgow, who was accused of having fraudulently obtained from Major W. T. Fosbery two cheques for £2,000 and £3,000 respectively by false pretences, was dismissed, Sir John Bell remarking that no jury would convict.

MURDERED IN PRISON.

Richard Dunn, aged thirty-two, ship's fireman, was found guilty at Manchester Assizes yesterday of the murder of Joseph Marshall, aged sixty-two, but was declared to have been insane, and was ordered to be confined in a criminal asylum during His Majesty's pleasure.

The prisoner, the deceased, and another man were locked up in a cell at Salford, and it was alleged that the prisoner struck Marshall and then stamped on his face, inflicting injuries to which Marshall succumbed eight days later.

APPEAL BY BUS AND TRAM COMPANIES.

The Court of Appeal yesterday granted a stay of execution pending an appeal in a case in which Mr. Justice Grantham and a jury held the London General Omnibus Company and the London United Tramways 1901 Company responsible for injuries sustained by a Mr. Phillips and his wife. The plaintiffs who were riding on a General Omnibus Company's bus, which collided with a London United tram, were awarded £2,500 damages, and £422 special damages.

ATTACKED BY A CONVICT.

Thomas Gurney, now undergoing three years' penal servitude, was sentenced by Mr. Justice Grantham at Devon Assizes yesterday to seven years' penal servitude for a murderous attack upon an assistant warder at Dartmoor.

Gurney, whose first sentence would have been completed in a few days' time, struck the officer on the head with a stone-breaking hammer. He received both sentences from the same judge.

LADY CLERKS' QUARREL.

County Court Dispute Over an "Invaluable" Picture is Followed by a Scene.

A claim for a picture led to an unusual application, and an extraordinary scene, at the County Court yesterday. The plaintiff was work County Clerk yesterday. The plaintiff was Helen Mabel Henshaw, a young lady clerk, of Stoke Newington, and the defendant, Florence Neville, also a young lady clerk, of Newington Causeway.

It appeared that Miss Henshaw formerly lived with Miss Neville. When she was leaving she left behind a picture, which she valued at £100, but Miss Neville afterwards would not give it up. Yesterday she applied for an order for its return.

Miss Neville paid 30s. into court, and then settled the claim, as Miss Henshaw refused to accept the money, and said she wanted the picture, which had belonged to her mother. "No amount of money would purchase it," she said. "It is simply invaluable to me."

The defendant, who carried the picture in a piece of brown paper under her arm, handed it up to the court. Honour at his request, and said that she kept it as security for a loan advanced to the plaintiff. "It is not," she continued, "that I wish to keep the picture."

Ten Shillings for the Picture.

His Honour: No, I don't think anybody would want to keep that picture.

The Plaintiff: I don't owe her a farthing, your Honour.

His Honour: Well, are you prepared to pay her 10s. to secure this invaluable picture?

The Plaintiff: No; because I don't owe it.

His Honour: Oh; very well, then. I can't help you. You entered your action in wrong form and she has accepted of your action, except so much as it is. But nobody in the world, would value it who had a very particular fancy, would value it at twopenny. It is a rubbishy photograph—a most dismal picture. How came you to leave the picture with her?

The Plaintiff: Because she gave us only half an hour in which to pack up and clear out.

His Honour: You tell me that this picture, which harrows your soul, is invaluable, and yet you won't pay 10s. for it. Do you think for a moment that I believe you do not owe the money? I won't hear another word. The case is dismissed.

Miss Neville: May I have my costs? His Honour: No; you have both exhibited temper.

Scuffle in Court.

As the parties were leaving the court Miss Renshaw and her brother tried to snatch the picture from Miss Neville, who called a police-sergeant to her aid.

With some difficulty the sergeant rescued her and ordered Miss Renshaw and her brother out of the premises.

As Miss Neville was driving off in a cab Miss Renshaw rushed to the vehicle and made an imploring appeal. The lady was obstinate, however, and drove away with the treasure.

DIRECTORS SENT FOR TRIAL.

Charles Shewell, late managing director and chairman of Shewell's Brewery Company, and Frederick Richards, late director and secretary of the same company, were committed to prison on charges of fraud against the shareholders, and falsification of accounts. They pleaded not guilty, but reserved their defence, bail being allowed.

AN EXCITING SOHO CHASE.

Constable Drewery told an exciting story at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday of a chase in Soho, in which he was assisted by Giovanni Joannis Antonopolous, a homeless Greek marble mason, appeared before Mr. Denman on a charge of stealing clothes and a motor-cycle worth £50.

Early in the morning prisoner was stopped by the officer carrying a bundle. His reply being unsatisfactory, the officer told him so. The prisoner commenced to run, then stopped, and sent a pair of revolvers at the officer, fired a shot, and missed. He ran off again, and Drewery followed, blowing his whistle. Eventually the prisoner was secured after he had fired at another officer and offered a desperate resistance. He was remanded for inquiries.

A NURSE'S ASPIRATIONS.

Among a number of persons who were committed to prison at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday by Messrs. W. R. Howell and Co., were two sisters, Theobald's-road, W.C. She had been doing nursing, and when the canvasser called on her she was convinced of her own worth.

Judge Edge: You wanted to learn all about the inside of human nature.

Judge Edge: There is no limit to the aspirations of some people. You must pay and obey as much as you can of the book.

THE BRIEF BAG.

Lord Justice Mathew yesterday resumed his judicial duties in the Court of Appeal after his recent indisposition.

Bartie Albert Strickland, aged sixteen, a son of Hackney, was committed for trial at Bow Street yesterday on a charge of forging a cheque for £100.

Mr. Justice Lawrence yesterday agreed that several actions for libel, arising out of a scandalous book, "The Curse of Central Africa," should be heard before March 13, in order that several Belgian witnesses might be examined.

George Saunders, a dealer in fancy goods, at Victoria Park-road, was sentenced to one month's hard labour by the West Ham magistrate yesterday for exposing obscene postcards in his shop window.

A political cartoon by H. H. Munroe. The scene is set around a large wooden desk. On the left, a large, portly man in a suit sits in a high-backed chair, looking towards the center. Behind the desk, a man with a mustache and a serious expression stands holding a large brush; the brush has the words "BRIBE ACCEPTANCE" written on it. Seated at the desk is another man in a suit, looking towards the right. To the right of the desk, a fourth man stands, gesturing with his hands as if in conversation. Under the desk, a fifth man is lying face down on the floor, his head near the left leg of the desk. The cartoon is drawn in a detailed, hatched style typical of early 20th-century political illustrations. The signature "H. H. MUNROE" is visible in the bottom right corner.

W. K.
Hoselden

There is no smarter officer in the German Navy than Prince Henry of Prussia, who was lately exhorting the troops for German South-West Africa to do their duty. Yet there was a time when sentries had order to salute him because he would not take his bath in the morning! It is true this was when he was not more than five years old. He was a self-willed little fellow (it runs in the Hohenzollern family), and his father, the Crown Prince Frederick as he then was, hit upon this method of curing his small son's fit of anti-tubism. It had its effect at once, and there has never been any difficulty about getting the Prince to take his bath regularly since that date!

SCIENCE AT HOME AND POLITICS AT DINNER.

SUNSHINE IN SECLUSION.

The Clerk of the Weather on Our Experiences Last Month.

The rain has been having a good innings lately, and a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* man has interviewed the clerk of the weather thereon.

When our representative suggested that the wet weather had been somewhat exceptional recently, the clerk gave him a look of mild protest, and had immediate recourse to records and figures.

"The average rainfall for the month of January during the past thirty-five years," he said, "has been 2.01 inches; the actual rainfall for January this year has been 2.41 inches, really only a little over the average."

Then he proceeded to give some figures which showed that we have little to grumble about just now; indeed, a great deal to be thankful for, as compared with the other Januaries. Here are some years that beat this into fits:—

1900	2.42
1899	2.57
1894	3.17
1877	4.69

The rainfall of 1877, it will be observed, was almost double that of this year, and in the three other instances last month is beaten, while even last year, with 2.35 inches, did not fall far behind.

Last Saturday's deluge, when 2½ inches of rain fell during the twenty-four hours, appears insignificant compared with some of the torrential down-



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Photo by Alice Hughes.

pours of previous years. Growing more enthusiastic as he plunged into the records of the past, the clerk showed that for four hours on one day in July, 1901, the north of London was treated to 2.85 inches.

"Almost a record," gasped the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* man, who had nearly subsided under the figures.

"Yes, almost," dryly responded the Weather man, "but not to be compared with June, 1878. In London we experienced a downfall of 3.28in. in about one hour and a half—or nearly one and a quarter times more than the average of last month."

The reason why so many people fancy that the month just past has been abnormally wet is due to the fact that there has been a lack of sunshine and an almost unbroken succession of dull, murky days.

For twenty years the average of sunshine during January has been 25.4 hours, while last month it was only 15.2 hours," said the Weather man, "so that we have had a little more rain and about three-fifths less sunshine."

"The *Daily Illustrated Mirror* man hazarded an inquiry from the clerk as to any of his future plans. He was referred to the "general inference" for the day, which carries us to mid-day to-day. It read, "A new cyclonic disturbance is approaching our south-west coasts, and is likely to cause increasing winds from the south... with rain or sleet."

A FEAT OF REPRODUCTION.

The reputation of the "Connoisseur" is enhanced by the admirable February number just issued, containing as it does articles of such varied interests as "Old Church Plate," "The Art of Boucher," "Old Wedgwood," "Armour," and "The Berens Collection of Objets d'Art," and its illustrations equal the letterpress in point of interest. The superiority of a drawing over a photograph is amply proved by the magnificent reproduction in colour of a drawing of the famous Bureau du Roi in the Wallace collection, which forms one of the five plates presented with this number.

PUNCTUALITY ON THE S.E. AND C.R.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company, said the chairman, Mr. J. S. Forbes, at the half-yearly meeting yesterday, are going ahead. They are getting a reputation for punctuality, and he was told they were to be the most popular railway in the kingdom. They were coming to be looked upon as a model railway.

Who does the looking upon?

HORDE OF HUMAN "BRUTES."

To find savages a visit to the Cannibal Islands is not necessary. A forester of Bozjakovina, Hungary, who had quarrelled with some companions one evening in an inn, was stabbed and beaten by them until he was dead. Even then their fury did not abate, and when the murdered man was found, his tongue had been cut out, his hands and feet cut off, and the flesh torn off his whole body. The cause of the quarrel has not yet transpired.

M. AND MME. CURIE.



This is a picture of the great discoverers of radium, Mme. Curie and her husband and child, as they are to be seen at home.

DESERTERS AND PRISON BREAKERS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Monday.

Three soldiers who were undergoing a sentence of imprisonment in the military prison at Vienna have managed to escape in an ingenious fashion. They had made a hole in the wall, which was

fantry Regiment at Belgrade have just deserted on account of the bad treatment they had received from their officers, the regicides. They crossed the Save in a boat, and arrived at Semlin, where they gave up their bayonets and were set free. One told a story how Prince Alexander had asked him when he was on duty as sentry what he was doing. "Guarding the King," replied the sol-



LADY LANSDOWNE.

At Lansdowne House, in Berkeley-square, she had a great gathering of political personages.

Photo by Langley.

tarred, and they enlarged the hole from day to day, covering it up from sight with tarred cardboard. Their friends smuggled in some clothing. They crept through the hole attired in their new raiment, and walked coolly out through the crowded barrack-yard. They have not yet been recaptured.

Three Servian soldiers from the notorious 7th In-



MLLE. YVETTE GUILBERT.

The celebrated French songstress who has just been shown not to be the author of a book issued in her name. [Ellis & Walery.

Photo by] The youthful Prince, "for anyone could murder him."



MISS ETHEL VEY.

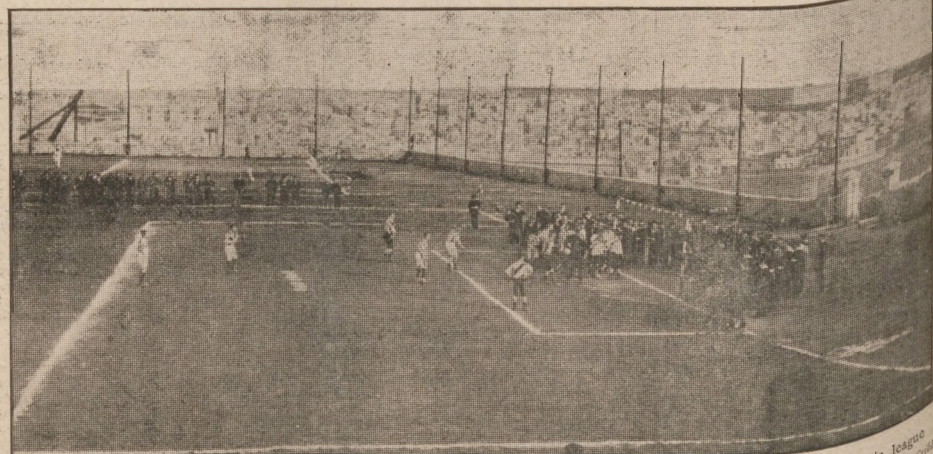
She is a soprano vocalist, of Brighton, and is rapidly making an enviable reputation on the concert platform.

COUNT MARRIES SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

A wedding of the romantic kind now so frequent in Austria has been solemnised at Budapest between Count Seregh (writes our correspondent) between Count Seregh, Gyulai, owner of much landed property in Austria, Hungary, and Fraulein Elisabeth Kolozia, a shoe-

maker's daughter of Vienna. The bride, who was strikingly beautiful, noticed by the Count at a Vienna theatre. He asked her name and address, and next day called on her father with a proposal.

BATTLESHIP v. CRUISER.



The Coradeima Football Ground at Malta is used by service teams of the Mediterranean Fleet only for playing their league matches. The "Cruiser" side in the picture scores a goal.

Photo by

PREPARING FOR WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

MARRIAGE BY LOT.

Regular Club Which Mr. Roosevelt is Asked to Patronise.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Monday.

An invitation extended to President Roosevelt to attend the annual dinner of the Waukegan Bachelors' Club, of Illinois, next month, has brought to public attention a remarkably odd organisation. The club was formed ten years ago by twenty-five



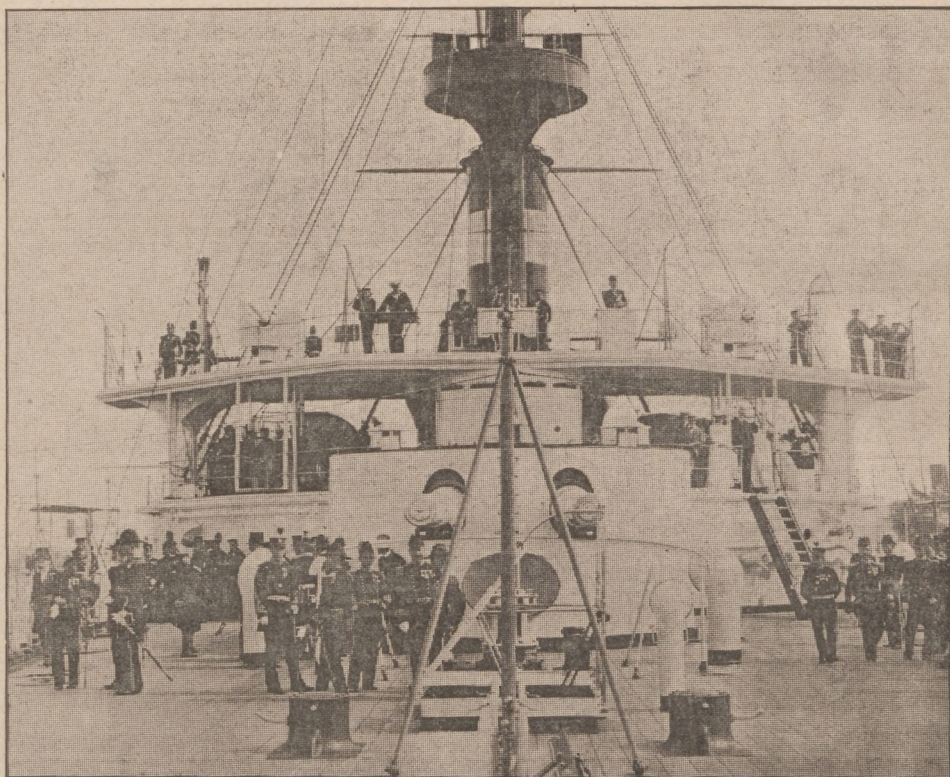
PROVIDING AGAINST FLOOD.

Protect cattle at Chifu for the Russian stores at Port Arthur. The beef will be badly wanted if the Russian fortress is besieged by Japan.

(Photo copyright by Underwood & Underwood.)

provision with a provision in the by-laws that every year one member, to be determined by lot, must be compelled to marry. This by-law has been faithfully obeyed.

Number 17, coming the father of twins. When Mr. Roosevelt promulgated his views on the "muddle," there has been throughout America a tendency to increase the birthrate. Many suggestions have been formed for the encouragement of matrimony and large families.



On the deck of the Asama, one of Japan's great English-built Battleships, officered by the smartest of her sons; a reception of civilians is going on. (Photo by Biograph Studio.)



Port Arthur, which Russia seized from China five years ago. The sketch gives a general view of the fortifications of this Russian Hong Kong. They are now extremely strong.

ENGLISH OFFER TO THE KAISER.

The German troubles in South-West Africa have evoked a friendly offer from an English shipping firm. Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co., many of whose steamers run to South-West Africa, have cabled to the German Emperor placing their vessels at the disposal of the German Government.

The German Government has, however, replied that no more boats will be required.

MARRIAGE ON THE CHEAP.

A young woman in Cleveland, U.S.A., asked that her marriage licence should be granted free as she was the first girl to take advantage of leap year and propose. Not only did she get her licence free, but she has been promised that the ceremony shall also be free. A jeweller has presented her with a ring, and a liverman has promised to supply the wedding carriages.

DEUS EX MACHINA.

The Libraries Committee of Shoreditch Borough Council reported yesterday the receipt of a letter from Mr. Carnegie, agreeing to pay £300 a year, the annual charge of the debt on the district library buildings. Mr. Carnegie in his communication states that he gives the donation because he was impressed by the fact that Shoreditch had been a very progressive community.

POPE CUTS DOWN PRESS EXPENSES.

It is said that the Pope is surprised at the large sums of money paid by his predecessors to Roman Catholic newspapers, and for reasons of economy has suppressed all these subventions. He says it is the duty of the faithful to support Catholic newspapers.

BLACKLEG BANDS.

"I won't play; I shan't play," was the protest of the Amalgamated Musicians, who met at St. Paul's, on Sunday to object to the employment of cheap amateur bands by the L.C.C. Parks Department. It was shown that last year the Council engaged 100 "blackleg" bands, the only six professional bands were in their parks. A resolution was passed urging the Council to discourage the competition and to pay a fair wage to the professionals, and the Parks Committee is to be deputed on the subject.

COTTON GROWING IN EUROPE.

Italy has just been formed at Milan, with a population of 420,000, for the cultivation of cotton in the colony of Erythraea, with the object of saving the danger of an American cotton shortage. The advisability of growing cotton again in the southern provinces of Italy has also been discussed. These provinces (says Reuter) grew a cotton crop during the American civil war, and it is thought the agricultural problem would be the readily solved if cotton growing were encouraged.

TO MAKE THE DOCKER HAPPY.

Some office hears that the life of the docker, even if his work is plentiful, is not a happy one. He is generally agreed that the risks run in the course of his everyday work are many. Before the

Home Office Committee, inquiring into dock regulations, at yesterday's meeting, Captain Kerr, nautical expert to the India Office, made these recommendations: (1) Festoons of chains round the dock sides at high-water mark; (2) ships' hatchways closed at end of day's work, and during fogs; and (3) hoisting gear in every dock tested annually. These should help to lessen the risks mentioned.

WHOSE FORTUNE?

A probate suit of a somewhat remarkable character has been before the Paris Courts in connection with the will of a rich American gentleman, named Francis Rebell Bryan, who, at his death, bequeathed a sum of £2,000 to the Pennsylvania Historical Society and the rest of his fortune to the South Kensington Museum. An application has been made by the relatives of Mr. Bryan asking the Court to set the will aside on the ground of the testator's insanity.

LONDON STILL THE FIRST PORT.

Those who have suggested that London's decadence as a port has been established must now modify their views.

A report submitted to the members of the Thames Conservancy Board yesterday showed that 49,545 vessels, with cargo showing a total tonnage of 25,896,191, entered and cleared from the Thames in 1903. This is an increase of 480,928 tons over 1902.



Main gate to the Palace at Seoul, where the Korean Emperor lives in ease while his country's independence is in danger.

PEOPLE PROMINENT.

STORIES ABOUT WELL-KNOWN MEN
AND WOMEN OF THE DAY.

Art, society, philanthropy, and politics spent the day harmoniously together yesterday at the Horse Gallery, where the Hon. Mrs. Mostyn held a reception—a "reception with a purpose," be it explained—to which she had issued invitations to 600 of her personal friends, with a number of others selected by the Women's Emigration Association.

Mrs. Mostyn has always been a politician with strong Colonial tendencies. She has also been a painter since she was ten years old, and a traveller from almost the same period. The travelling and the painting appear to have never parted company, and seven visits to Egypt, thirteen winters in the South of Europe, with lesser periods almost everywhere else, have resulted in a vast collection of art memorials of all parts of the world. "For twelve years I have been using them up as wedding presents and Christmas-cards, and so on," the gifted lady explained to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative yesterday, "and now I have hung these 400 sketches here for sale, that I may help the Women's Emigration Association to build the hospitals in South Africa that are so badly needed as residences for the women emigrants pending arrangements to send them to their final destinations." In price they ranged from 10s. to 15 guineas each, and even before lunch the little red stars signifying "sold" were quite freely peppered about. Among the buyers were Lady Margaret Chatteris, Sir Hubert Jenningsham, Sir Charles and Lady Rivers-Wilson, Sir Francis and Lady Denys, and the Hon. Mrs. Lawley. The sketches remain on view and on sale to the general public throughout the week.

Like the omnibus driver who spent his holidays riding on the top of another bus, Sir Philip Burne-Jones likes to spend his leisure in looking at other men's pictures. It is this same feeling, and his interest in the work of others, which led to the inception of the dinner to scene painters, which took place on Sunday, when Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema presided.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones, besides being the son of the distinguished first baronet, is a nephew of Sir Edward Poynter, and received his first artistic instruction in the studios of his father and uncle. He is a man who takes no interest whatever in athletics of any sort, and his exercise is confined to walking and driving. Very fond of the society of his fellows, he is a well-known figure at various entertainments in London.

Refused an Emperor.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is now at her house in Stratton-street, Piccadilly, usually spent the beginning of the year in Paris in her earlier days, and although it is not generally known in England, the Emperor Napoleon III. (before he ascended the throne) was most anxious to marry her. But even the chance of a future crown did not cause the Baroness a day's reflection, and Napoleon, it is said, was sadly disappointed that he had not fared better than other men.

Of late years, although Mr. Burdett-Coutts keeps a fine stud of horses at Holly Lodge and rides a good deal, he has given up hunting, of which he was very fond. Indeed, few men of American origin have so good a record with the hounds. The Baroness, always anxious to gratify his sporting tastes, spent a season with him at a hotel in Melton Mowbray soon after their marriage, and often went on wheels to the meets. Mr. Burdett-Coutts once actually won a steeplechase near Melton, but for some reason he arranged when entering for it that if he won whoever came in second should be given the prize. Not a few hard riders competed that day, and no one thought the Baroness's husband had the ghost of a chance. But he was first past the post, to the evident pleasure of his wife and many friends of all classes.

Max as Playwright.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, if rumour can be believed, is about to write another play. A novel he has completed, but waxes unwilling if his friends suggest that he should publish it. In his writings Mr. Beerbohm shows a cynical face, but in real life he is the most urbane and modest of young men with a kind word and smile for everyone. He has a witty way of putting things, and it was he who once had it that "Cecil Rhodes always put an 'I' before his deals, and when in his presence an Irish member of the House, commenting on the Queen's then forthcoming visit to Ireland, remarked gloomily: 'I fear there are rocks ahead for this visit!'" he answered on the spot: "No, no! Only shamrocks!" Max met Mr. John Drew in America. Two years later the distinguished actor came to London, and in the interim had shaved off his moustache. The two men met one night in the foyer of a theatre and Mr. Drew did not appear to recognise Max so the latter advanced with hand outstretched toward him. "Ah, Mr. Drew!" exclaimed Max, "I see that you don't know me now that you have shaved off your moustache!"

REAL "JAP" TALK.

The other day a correspondent was making fun in these columns of the pseudo-Japanese talked in "The Darling of the Gods." Here are some real specimens of Jap phraseology from Mr. Sladen's "Queer Things about Japan," just published by Treherne—

This is how Max Sunday used to talk. Of Miss Arstook, who was very pretty, he used to say, "Very good countenance in it." He wanted to go and wash his hands, he said, "Hands washed washed will probably come." When I hadn't seen him for several days he saluted me with this triumph, learnt by heart from Chamberlain, "That after, lengthily honourable eyes in hang-not always augustly robust being," which meant, "It is some time since we last met; I am delighted to see you looking so well." If he thought I looked ill, he opened his conversation with, "Bodily feelings bad?" And if he considered it time for me to have a snack, he would say, "Honourable is-it become empty?"

CAMP-FIRE SONGS.

Echoes of the War from the Pen of
an Australian Poet.

RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE, and Other Verses. By A. B. Paterson. (Macmillan, 6s.)

There is plenty of good, stirring verse in Mr. Paterson's volume, but it is mostly towards the end. Anyone who begins at the beginning will be disappointed, but his reward will come when he gets to the South African soldier songs in the last thirty pages.

Mr. Paterson has caught something of the spirit

So back towards the firing line
Our friend crept slowly to the rear oh!
Rearward. "What a selfish swine!"
He might have let me be a hero."

Another piece which picks good-humoured fun at the soldier-mess is "Right in the Front of the Army":—

"Where 'ave you been this week or more,
'Aren't seen you about the war?
Thought perhaps you was at the rear,
Guarding the wagons." "What, us? No fear!
Where have we been? Why, bless my heart,
Where have we been since the bloomin' start!"

"Right in the front of the army,
Batting day and night!
Right in the front of the army,
Teaching 'em how to fight!"
Every separate man you see,
Sapper, gunner, and C.I.V.,

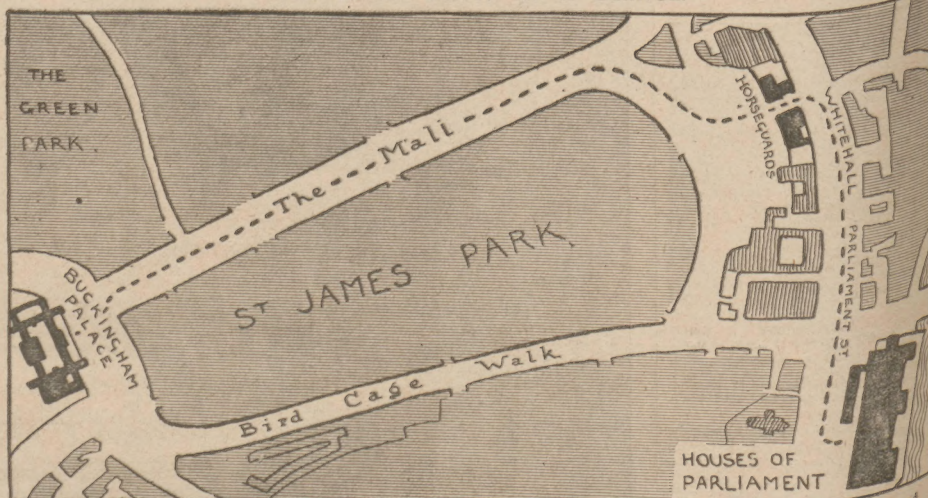
Every one of 'em seems to be
Right in the front of the army!

Old Lord Roberts will have to mind
If ever the enemy get behind!
But they'll smash him up with a rear attack,
Because his army has got no back!
Think of the horrors that might befall
An army without any rear at all!

Right in the front of the army,
Batting day and night!
Right in the front of the army,
Teaching 'em how to fight!
Swede and German counts,
Yeomen (known as De Wet's remounts)
All of them were by their own accounts
Right in the front of the army!

Racing and pastoral poems (by which Mr. Paterson made his name) are to be found here in plenty. But we prefer him in warlike mood.

THE ROYAL ROUTE AT A GLANCE.



The royal procession will leave Buckingham Palace and pass along the Mall, where thousands of sightseers may stand and see the royal pair easily as they drive by in their state coach. When they have driven through the Horse Guards, they will emerge again into the broad stretch of Whitehall and up Parliament-street to the Houses of Parliament.

of "Barrack-Room Ballads." Here is a bit that will please the Highland regiments:—

There's a soldier that's been doing his share
In the fighting up and down and round about.
He's continually marching here and there
And he's fighting, morning in and morning out.
The Boer, you see, he generally runs;
But sometimes when he hides behind a rock,
And we can't make no impression with the guns,
Oh, then you'll hear the order, "Send for Jock!"
Yes, it's Jock—Scotch Jock.
He's the fellow that can give or take a knock.
For he's hairy and he's hard,
And his feet are by the yard,
And his face is like the face what's on a clock.
But when the bullets fly you will mostly hear the cry—
"Send for Jock!"

Yet it would be most unfair to call Mr. Paterson a plagiarist, or an imitator. He has no need to imitate. He has a style of his own. This, for example, owes nothing to anyone:—

What have the gunners done
Batting every day,
Batting any way!
Boers outraged 'em, but what cared they?
"Shoot and be damned," said the R.H.A.
See! when the fight grows hot,
Under the rifles or not,
Always the order runs,
"Fetch up the bloomin' guns!"
And you'd see them great gun-horses spring
To the "action front"—and around they'd swing.
Lead the range with some queer machine
At four thousand with fuse fourteen.
Ready! Fire number one!
Handled the battery neat and quick!
Stick to it, too! How did they stick!
Never a gunner was seen to run!
Never a gunner would leave his gun!
Not though his mates dropped all around!
Always a gunner would stand his ground!
Take the army—the infantry,
Mounted rifles, and cavalry,
Twice the numbers I'd give away.
And I'd fight the lot with the R.H.A.
For they showed us how a corps should be run,
That's what the gunners done!

The Imperial note is sounded without hesitation in "With French to Kimberley," a fine description of a fine achievement—
His column was five thousand strong—all mounted men—
and guns;
There met, beneath the world-wide flag, the world-wide
Empire's sons;
They came to prove to all the earth that kinship conquers
space,
And those who fight the British Isles must fight the
British race!
From far New Zealand's flax and fern, from cold Cana-
dian snows,
From Queensland plains, where hot as fire the summer
sunshine glows;
And in the Lancers rode that New South Wales
had sent;
With easy stride across the plain their long, lean Walers
went.
Unknown, unfired, those squadrons were, but proudly
out they drew
Beside the English regiments that fought at Waterloo.
From every coast, from every clime, they met in proud
array,
To go with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.
And Mr. Paterson has a vein of humour, too, which he works to amusing effect in "That V.C.,"—a piece of satire which has a very substantial truth at the back of it:—

THAT V.C.

'Twas in the days of front attack,
This glorious truth we'd yet to learn it—
That every "front" had got a back,
And French was just the man to turn it.
A wounded soldier on the ground,
Was lying hid behind a hummock;
He proved the good old proverb sound—
An army travels on its stomach.
A valiant comrade crawling near,
Observed his most supine behaviour,
And crept towards him, "Hey! what cheer?
Buck up," said he, "I've come to save yer.
You get up on my shoulders, mate,
And if we live beyond the firing,
I'll be a V.C. sure as fate."
Because our blokes is all retiring.
It's fifty pounds a year," says he,
"I'll stand you lots of beer and whisky."
"No," says the wounded man, "not me,
I'll not be saved, it's far too risky.
I'm fairly safe behind this mound,
I've worn a hole that seems to fit me;
But if you lift me out the ground,
It's fifty pounds to one they'll hit me."

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"CHARLES, KING AND MARTYR."

Decorations and Commemoration Services.

Yesterday, at noon, there was a solemn celebration of the Eucharist at the church of St. Margaret Pattens, Rood-lane, E.C., in memory of King Charles I.; the 255th anniversary of his execution having this year fallen on Saturday, occasioning the postponement of the service.

It is somewhat incongruous that the beautiful floral offerings of twentieth century Jacobites should have to be placed on the base of King Charles's statue at Charing Cross annually by the

posited with the costly wreaths, etc., and attracted little notice, except in the papers of the next day. When Parliament met an honourable member, who has since been raised to the judicial Bench, questioned the then Home Secretary concerning this "disloyal" exhibition, and the result has been that ever since all wreaths, crosses, crowns, and more especially inscriptions, have had to be submitted to the censorship of the Office of Works, and placed in position by constables of the Metropolitan Police Force.

TO KEEP MUD OFF.

"The public have now been humbly submitting to their daily bath of mud for a considerable time," writes a correspondent, "and I think it is obvious

TOBOGGANING AT ST. MORITZ.



A Flying Start on the famous Cresta ice run at St. Moritz.

rude hands of "Hanoverian," or to quote Whitaker "Saxe-Coburgian," policemen. This anomalous state of things arose in the following amusing way. The floral observance commenced some sixteen years ago, and an energetic penny-a-liner, who had made the cele-

brated that a remedy should be suggested and immediately adopted to protect us from the enormous amount of dirt and slime which is being gathered by our vehicular traffic and distributed on the foot passengers of our pavements. I have visited towns where, in case of fast traffic, the vehicles are pro-



Canadian tobogganing on the St. Moritz snow slopes.

bration a yearly speciality, finding a few years later that copy was beginning to "go" badly, hit upon a novel plan of stirring things up. He procured the white lid of a milliner's box, upon which he inked a deep black border, printing in the centre the words "Remember." "Oh, King and Martyr, we have not forgotten. Long live Queen Mary!" This inscription, to which was attached a penny bunch of violets, was duly de-

vised with mudguards. London, I regret, has not yet considered this much-needed necessity.

"My suggestion is that all vehicles not equipped with this protection should be prohibited from passing through our fashionable thoroughfares otherwise than at a walking pace.

"The time has come for some ingenious device to be adopted in the form of a guard that will, to a certain extent, protect the public from this mud



An awkward spill on the third bank of the St. Moritz-Cresta run, when travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

MISS NORMA WHALLEY.



This beautiful actress is to appear in "Madame Sherry" at the Lyric Theatre.

nuisance. The tradesmen in all our narrow streets will, I am sure, consider it a boon, and derive a great benefit, if only by reducing the nuisance of having to be constantly washing their windows in order that they may be transparent."

DOG TO BE PROUD OF.

A dog belonging to an L.C.C. boardman of Hampstead dragged a body from the water, and guarded it while

LADY DELAMERE.



She has just come back from big game shooting in East Africa with her husband. Photo by Langdon.

THE HERMIT LIFE

A WOMAN WHO LIVES ON "NEXT TO NOTHING" IN A NEW FOREST HUT.

A few years ago fate willed that I should endeavour to live upon what is called "next to nothing." Being a good amateur water-colour artist and having a passion for "scribbling," I determined to postpone the search for a companionship (that last resource of the incompetent) until I had given my talents a fair chance of doing something for my future.

This is what I did and how I managed. I rented a wooden shed in the New Forest, and having once done duty as a temporary night watchman, I fortunately possessed a good top light and north window, and having made it waterproof, I entered with a roll of Willesden paper, some Liberty arras cloth, a few yards of art serge, some rugs, and a bed, together with some useful oddments and the tools of my trade.

Methods of Cheap House-Keeping.

Here I live summer and winter, my rent is 1s. 3d. per week, while 3d. more covers insurance and taxes. Oil is my heaviest expense, as the stove which answers the double purpose of heating and cooking demands a gallon of oil a day during the winter to keep it going. It, however, only requires a gallon per week in the summer, and it is then that I put the money for buying materials for clothes at my disposal—clothes, by-the-bye, which I always make myself.

I do not spend more than 7½d. a day on food, and I live extremely well on it.

Bread, 4d. I buy stale bread, because it is cheaper, and knowing the baker's secret new-baking it, I can always have new-bread if I so desire without paying extra for it.

Butter, or beef dripping, and occasionally mutton fat, from which I make my own lard, 7d. Eggs, 10d. I pickle them when cheap, so as to be always able to average two at least per dozen.

Tea, coffee, or cocoa, 5d.

Meat, 1s. 5d. I take a pint of new milk every day a week, and double the quantity of flour for the same price the other four.

This leaves 9½d., and occasionally more. It is astonishing what one can get for 9½d. A pound of butter will buy two herrings, which make an excellent dish marinated. Fourscore will buy a large piece of New Zealand neck of mutton sufficient for a hot-pot, some epigrammes, and a haricot.

Chicken Which Made Fourteen Meals.

I could write columns on similar cheap appetising foods and the various ways of cooking them, but I will merely give as an instance one of dinners for which one chicken was made answerable—

1. Roast—I had this on Christmas Day, and the turkey was given up in the forest and sausage made from three-halfpennyworth of pork and a pound of butter.

2. The other wing made my meal with an onion, a small leaf, and some chopped parsley.

3. A Reine soup, served with rice and fried potatoes.

4. Soups (made from the meat off the drumstick) with mashed potatoes.

5. Soups (made from the liver and pickings) with rice, packed inside rolled bacon, and fried potatoes.

6. A pilchard leg, with potato chips.

7. A pilchard (made with half the breast) with a small leg in papillote.

8. A small leg (made from the remains of the last) with hard-boiled eggs, an onion, and macaroni.

9. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

10. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

11. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

12. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

13. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

14. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

15. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

16. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

17. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

18. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

19. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

20. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

21. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

22. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

23. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

24. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

25. A small leg, helped with a pennyworth of macaroni.

A RECORD OF HELPFUL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

SOUFFLE DUCHESSE DE DANTZIG. By M. ESCOFFIER, Chef of the Carlton Hotel.

Make two different bricks of ice, one of vanilla flavoured with some crystallised violette, and the other of strawberry, containing twelve fine marrons glacés.

Place them one above the other with a piece of Genoese cake underneath, on an oval silver dish, then mask with the same mixture as for an omelette soufflé; bake five minutes in hot oven and serve.

PRETTY PELERINE FOR A BRIGHT SPRING DAY.



In order that the girl who makes her own elegant fal-lals may possess a good model to copy, a very graceful pelerine is sketched above. The panels over which the bordering of fur meanders are composed of ribbed silk, embroidered with very narrow silver braid. These are lined with domette and covered with satin. Then a moderately full flounce of lace is added to the scheme, which, falling as it does well over the shoulders, gives the wrap a cape-like effect.

SIMPLE DISH.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End Shops.

No. 238.—CHOCOLATE SPONGE.

INGREDIENTS.—Three ounces of chocolate, the whites of three eggs, half a tin of pineapple, two table-spoonsful of water, a little vanilla.

Cut the chocolate into small pieces, put it in a saucepan with the water and let it melt. Add a few drops of vanilla and let it cool a little. Beat up the whites to a very stiff froth, then stir them lightly but thoroughly into the chocolate. Heap the mixture up roughly in a pretty dish. Cut the pineapple into neat squares; see there are no "eyes" in them. Arrange a border of these squares round the sponge and serve.

Cost 1s. 2d. for six portions.

A TAILOR-MADE TREASURE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SURTOUT MILITAIRE.

Doubtless there are many who, enjoying the really practical comforts of the surtout militaire—the most perfect wrap coat ever produced—have wondered what originated so admirable a notion, and will be interested to hear how the idea was an inspiration of Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 32, Brook-street, New Bond-street, W.

Pioneering the persuasion with immense zest, the surtout was almost immediately accepted by all the elegantes of the land, who, together with Mr. Thomas, have steadily set their faces throughout against any elaboration of the idea, such as piping, capes, and the like. So the military coat, as first



presented in all its orthodox simplicity, still stands at this fountain head, a fact testified to by the accompanying picture.

Among other uses it is offered here as the ideal wrap for wearing over a habit driving to a meet, fur-lined or not, as fancy dictates. And, apropos of hunting, the Thomas safety apron-skirt has won all along. It is worn by nearly every representative Diana, who lies for it to this tailoring establishment, where cut is made a fetish and the perfection of finish a life-long study.

HANCOCK & JAMES'

MARVELLOUS SALE OF MILLINERY.

SALE. Prices 5/9, 10/9, 15/9. SALE. TO-DAY, & SALE. WEDNESDAY, Feb. 3. SALE. THURSDAY, Feb. 4. SALE.

ALL MILLINERY,

irrespective of original prices, sold for 5/9, 10/9, 15/9. Country orders received with remittance will have immediate attention.

GRAFTON SALON (over Grafton Galleries), 8, GRAFTON-ST., BOND-ST.

SIXTH WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION.

Conducted by ERNEST BERGHOLT.

It has often been remarked that it is far easier to construct; which maxim may be considered as specially applicable to Bridge.

From the small number of accurate solutions we have received of the little five-carder by our Paris correspondent, it may be conjectured that it is easier to solve than

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writer that this consummation will "considerably astonish" the artificer who forged the triple-edged blade.

We repeat the position for reference:—

♥ Q, 7.	North.	♠ 5, 3.
♦ 7.		♠ None.
♣ None.		♠ None.
♠ Q, 5.		♠ Q, 10, 3.
♣ 4.		
	West. East.	
♥ 9, 8.		♥ 5, 3.
♦ 7.		♦ None.
♣ J, 3.		♣ None.
♠ None.		♠ Q, 10, 3.
	South.	
♥ 10, 2.		♥ 5, 3.
♦ K.		♦ None.
♣ None.		♣ None.
♠ 9, 7.		♠ Q, 10, 3.

Hearts are trumps, and S. has the lead.

Solution 1.—South leads ♥ 10, followed by ♥ 2, won by North. North leads ♠ Q; then ♠ 5, won by West, and South's king takes the fifth trick.

This straightforward mode is immortalised by Mr. C. W. Bartlett in the following exalted epic:—

(Tune: "The Last Card.")
Seated alongside my Lier, weary and down on my luck,
Reading my Daily Mirror, all on a sudden I'm struck!
In various problems in piquet, I've collared the laurels
and worn 'em.

And it's 'ad if I can't circumvent this "bridge" wot is named "asinorum."

So Lier, she plices the cards, and leads off with ten
raspberry spots.

Then follows the two, and, of course, she wins lot of those
little lots.

Cute Lier spots Clubs; so she downed her Dimonds—the
queen and the five;

And, hang me! I plunks my darned jack on the only
blimed trick I could give.

Descending the slopes of Parnassus, we go on to

Solution 2.—South leads ♥ 2 won by North, who leads ♠ Q. East trumps, and is overtrumped by South, who leads ♠ K, on which North discards his spade. North must make his 7 of trumps.

Finally, there is:
Solution 3.—South leads ♠ K, trumped by North with the queen. North leads ♥ 7, won by South. South leads ♥ 2, and North must make both his diamonds.

The author of the problem took his discomfiture with great good humour, and has sent us the following letter:—
"A M. le Bridge Editor, Bergholt,
"Cher Monsieur—We have to-day admitted a

patient suffering from a very perplexing form of mania. Entering a café, he had ordered the waiter to bring four packs of playing-cards, out of which he selected and devoured all the tens and twos of hearts. The police thought it might have been a case of hydrophobia. The patient's only

valuable are an enormous quantity of what are said to be English postal orders for 1s., superscribed with the words "Barclay and Co."

We also found a number of envelopes addressed to you, whom we conceive from your title to be a director of some Government department (Ponts et Chaussées?). The case interests us, and you might possibly aid us in the correct diagnosis.

The patient gets wildly excited on catching sight of a mirror, or of the figure 3; and the word "solution" on a medicine label sent him into a frenzy from which he has not yet fully recovered."

Coupon B contained some highly disputable declarations. With a view to making the competition easier, alternatives have been adjudged equally correct in Nos. 3 and 6.

1. DIAMONDS. (A weekly contemporary has decided no-trumps, which we consider to be unquestionably wrong.) 2. LEAVE IT. 3. LEAVE IT.

4. DIAMONDS (undoubtedly, in spite of the score). 5. DIAMONDS (in no-trumps the long suit might easily fail to clear, considering the dearth of sure re-entries). 6. Very evenly balanced; we prefer HEARTS to no-trumps or spades.

The names of the prize-winners will be announced in to-morrow's issue.

By **WILSON BARRETT,** Actor-Manager and Author of
"The Sign of the Cross," etc.

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WILL HE REMEMBER IT TO-DAY?



The late Queen Victoria opening Parliament. The Prince Consort stands at her left hand and the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., on her right.
(engraving of the King in Parliament.)

